2: Lorimer T-3 (1920-4; 1934-5) 1939 AV7 Burusho AV7

Chapter 18

SEPTEMBER HARVEST

SUMMER is a breathless time in the Hunza fields. No sooner 243
does the ripening grain show a fine "fox-brown" than a line 516 ●
of five or six men and women attack it in unison. They do 592
not "reap" in our sense of the word. They squat in that inimitably convenient way that the East has preserved for working—no backs bent with stooping, no knees worn out with kneeling—and grasp a full handful of the ripe stalks and pull up roots and all; first right, then left; clap the two together to shake off the all-too-valuable earth; lay the bundle behind them; shuffle on a pace and repeat. The fields are small and in an incredibly short space of time a golden field is prostrate and the ground carpeted with neatly aligned rows of swathes. It is beautiful to see a party at work: father and mother, daughters, sons, and wives; they space themselves and keep their line as exactly as soldiers on parade, yet each works individually, each at his own pace and in his own way—without haste and without pause. They possess rude iron sickles, but 412
when these are used at all they are not used to *cut*, but merely to pull against, if the crop is more than usually deep-rooted.

When the *shandiming* (cut crops) have lain a little and been 243
turned over once or twice they are tied into sheaves and 482
gathered into piles, some as big as a man can carry, others smaller to suit a boy—according to the "man-power" available. A double goat's hair rope is slipped round the waist of the pile and ingeniously knotted so as to leave two shoulder loops. The man or boy flings himself down backwards on to it, slips his arms through the loops and hitches the rope fast. Then some kindly bystander gives a touch to the load from behind,

7:Tobe C, T-3 (1959)1960 AV7 Burusho AV7
Hunza

zan. And it wasn't because I was smart. There obviously was a distinct difference and anyone could pick out a Hunzan from a Nagirwal or any of the other citizens thereabout. 124

Much has been said about the walking habits of the people of Hunza . . . the long distances, the climbs, their endurance and their sprightly gait. I have had little experience with their endurance, but of their gait I can speak with some degree of authority. They have the lightest, easiest walk or pace that I have seen anywhere in my life. They seem to glide or spring effortlessly. If any people on the face of the earth have learned to walk without wasting any energy, I believe the people of Hunza have learned that secret. That's the only way I can account for our guides, for example, being in exactly the same condition when they finished their day's travel as when they started. I fully realize that they are accustomed to doing this. On occasions at home I have walked 12 miles at one march—and enjoyed it—but I was tired and mighty glad to take a good rest when I reached my goal. 481 [147]

I cannot recall one occasion where I saw a Hunzan resting after a walk. I practically retraced every foot of my journey back and forth and also the side excursions, but I couldn't find one occasion on which the Hunzan men had to rest. They not only seemed, but actually were, totally imperturbable, nonchalant and at ease wherever they went. Their stride was livelier and lighter than anything I have ever seen. [147]

Furthermore they never slouched, whether walking, standing or sitting. No matter where you saw them, they held their heads erect and chests out. [516]

Now this is not an afterthought because I began my search and observations the moment I left Gilgit. They didn't walk—they seemed to float! I wish I knew their

8:Clark N-5 (1948-1951) 1963
AV7 Burusho AV7 .
Hunza
[P.42-A]

FAMILY LIFE on Hunza's flat roofs bespeaks the country's dry climate and the cramped quarters that prevail inside a typical stone abode, forcing inhabitants to seek increased living space in the open. A meal is being prepared, *above*.

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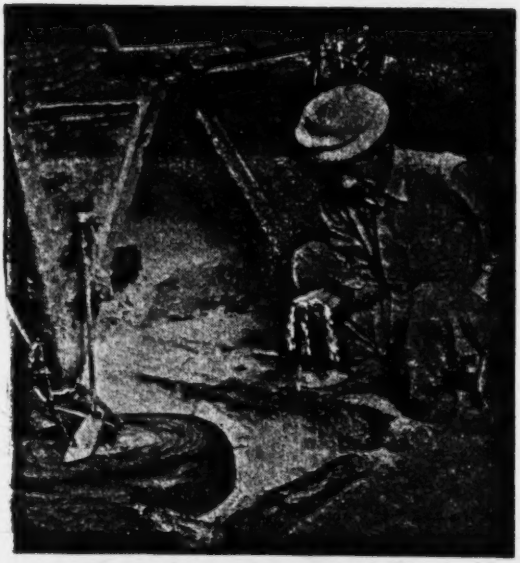
8:Clark N-5 (1948-1951) 1963
AV7 Burusho AV7
Hunza

[P.43-B]

256
291
516



GRINDING of barley and wheat, *above*, is done by centuries-old technique.

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CHAPATTIES are the end product of the country's milling and baking.